

## Sabbath School Teacher.

## SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 13.

*The death of Judas.* MATT. XXVII. 1-10

Prove that Christ is the Bread of Life.

Repeat Psalm 118. 1-4; Text, Rev. 1. 18 Shorter Catechism 96.

Paralle passages, Mark xv. 1-5; Luke xxii. 1-5; John xvii. 23-31; Acts i. 18, 19

VER. 1, 2.

Who were assembled at this council? v. 1. The chief priests, elders, scribes, and whole council, Mark xv. 1. The council had been sitting all night, but they did not all meet till break of day. The day dawned about five o'clock. What did they consult about? The means to be taken for having Jesus put to death. They had not the power to execute him themselves. The Romans kept the power of life and death in their own hands. What plan did they adopt? v. 2. Who was Pontius Pilate? A Roman officer appointed by the Emperor Tiberius Caesar as governor of Judaea and Jerusalem.

VER. 3, 4.

How long had Judas been an apostle? About two years, Matt. x. 4. How had Jesus described his character? "One of you is a devil," John vi. 70, 71. How had he shown his dishonesty? In pilfering from the common purse, John xii. 6, xiii. 29. How long did he enjoy his ill-gotten gains? A few hours; from about ten o'clock till six in the morning. Of what did Judas repent? In what did his repentance differ from Peter's? Peter's heart was broken for sin, Judas was hardened into despair. Why did he give up the money? It was a witness to his treachery. When he saw that Jesus would be put to death, he could keep it no longer. Why may it be said that he was holding it? What testimony does he bear to Jesus? v. 4. How do the priests show their indifference? v. 4. They say that is your affair; we have nothing to do with it. Was this true? The one had sold innocent blood, and the other bought it. Their crimes were much alike.

VER. 5-8.

What did he do with the money? What became of him? v. 5. In Acts 1, 18, it is said, he burst asunder in the midst. Why would not the priests use the money in the temple? What did they do with it? v. 7, 8. What name was given to the field? Acedama, the Field of Blood, Acts 1, 18, 19.

VER. 9, 10.

What prophecy is fulfilled by this? The prophecy is not in Jeremiah, but in Zechariah, xi. 12. The word Jeremiah is omitted in many manuscripts. By fulfilled we are perhaps to understand in this place "accomplished." It is not certain that the passage in Zechariah was intended to be a direct prediction of the treachery of Judas and the purchase of the potter's field.

LESSONS. 1. How short lived are the pleasures of sin. "The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment," Job xx. 5. Judas had scarcely touched the money before it was turned into the poison of asps within him. It is only sinless pleasure that lasts. The love of God, the service of Christ, innocent enjoyments, have no sting.

2. That repentance which does not lead to God is vain. Judas, instead of seeking mercy, committed a new sin. "O Israel return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thy iniquity." Hos. xiv. 1, Zeoh. i. 3; Acts viii. 22

Men strain at a camel, v. 6. The council were so scrupulous, they could not use the blood-money which Judas flung away, yet they had deliberately conspired against the life of Jesus, whom they knew to be innocent, v. 1, 2. Though their hands were red with blood, we read in John's gospel they would not enter the hall of Pilate lest they should be defiled, John xviii. 28.

4. The wages of sin is death. "Is not destruction to the wicked, and a strange punishment to the workers of iniquity?" There is but one way of escaping from wrath to come—by forsaking sin and seeking God. For the chief of sinners Jesus died, and in Him only is there salvation, Joel ii. 12, 13; Amos v. 6, Rom. v. 16, 2 Cor. v. 20, 21.

## SHEPHERD'S DOGS.

The following, from a Scotelman, strikingly illustrates the kindly consideration evinced by the Scottish peasantry towards the domestic animals, especially the shepherd to their dogs, which consequently become their attached companions.

A minister calling to visit one of his flock found before the fire-place three dogs, apparently asleep. At the sound of the whistle two rose up and walked out, the third remained still.

"It is odd," said the minister, "that this dog does not get up like the others."

"It's no astonishin' ava," said the shepherd, "for it's no his turn, he was out; the mornin'."

A gentleman staying in the family of a sheep farmer remarked that daily as the family sat at dinner, a shepherd dog came in, received its portion, and soon after disappeared.

"I never see that dog except at dinner," said the visitor.

"The reason is," said the farmer, "we've lent him so our neighbour, Jamie Nicol, an' we tell him to come here like day to his dinner. When he gets his dinner, purr beast, he gaes awa back to his work."

English papers advertise sermons prepared for ministers who have not the brains to write them. For instance: "Sermons.—Evangelical clergymen supplied with original autograph sermons, presenting simple Gospel truth. Enclose eighteen stamps." "X. Y. Z., 154 Leadenhall street, London." "Sermons—Sound, practical and original. Edited by an Oxford graduate. Strictly confined to the clergy. Harvest sermon (price 2s. 6d.) ready. A specimen, 1s. 6d. Address Rev. M. A., 57 Regent's Park Road, N. W."

## Our Young Folks.

## FELDLING THE COW.

BY MRS. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Slowly along the shaded lane,  
Copy tag the grass from side to side,  
Here comes the pretty triable cow,  
Hence, at every stride

She stops at the garden gate and calls—  
"O my little boy! and bring to me  
Some of those apples round the tree,  
I see they under the tree!"

Little golden head his apron fills  
With the ruddy apples, juicy and sweet,  
Dangle his ears to take with her long rough tongue  
From his dimpled hand and eat.

Tiptoe he stands with eager face,  
Holding his helping apron tight,  
As she gently takes the apple he gives,  
He laughs with fresh delight.

And how she has eaten the very last,  
And just one more, and "one little one more,"  
Then he sits and watches her as she walks  
Through the open barn-yard door

It was years ago—yet I often see,  
When the summer's day is nearly done,  
My baby boy feeding the pretty cow  
In the light of the setting sun

## THE TORN CURTAIN.

(From the French of Emile Souvestre).

In the civil war between the parliament and King Charles I., the two parties had taken up arms and were vigorously carrying on the conflict. The king's army had been defeated several times, and those of his adherents taken with arms in their hand were led before judges appointed by Cromwell in every town, to be condemned as rebels.

Sir Nicholas Newcastle was one of those judges. He was a man of austere manner, but without fanaticism; his devotion to the new government was well known, and Cromwell had a special esteem for him. His weakly constitution did not allow him to serve in arms for the cause which he thought the just one, but he was looked upon as the most active and able, as well as the most rigorously just magistrate in his county.

One evening Sir Nicholas was at supper with his family and a few of his friends, when a band of soldiers arrived with a royalist prisoner, whom they had just succeeded in capturing. It was an officer who, after the rout of Charles' army, had been vainly trying to reach the coast, and then find means of escaping to France. Sir Nicholas ordered his hands to be unbound, and another table to be placed near the fire-place.

"It is my birthday," said he, "and I wish to finish merrily the supper which I have begun. Give refreshment to this cavalier and his guards. At present I would only be his host, in an hour I will act as his judge."

The soldiers thanked him, and sat down at table near their prisoner, who did not appear to be much affected by his position, and fell to on the provisions set before him with as good an appetite as any of them.

Sir Nicholas returned to his place at the head of a large table, and resumed the conversation that had been interrupted by the arrival of the soldiers.

"Well, I was telling you," he continued, "that at the age of fifteen I was still so weak and puny, that every one scorned my feebleness and took advantage of it to ill-use me. First I had to endure the bad treatment of a stepmother, then that of my school-fellows. Courage in boys is only the consciousness of strength. My weakness made me a coward, and far from hardening me, the roughness and harshness to which I was exposed only made me more shrinking and more sensitive to pain. I lived in a continual state of fear, but above all I feared the master's cane. Twice I had suffered this cruel punishment, and I had preserved such an acute remembrance of the pain, that the very thought of a third infliction made me tremble all over."

"I was at Westminster school, as I have already told you. The forms were taught in a large room together, and were separated one from another by a curtain, which we were expressly forbidden to touch. One summer day drowsiness had overcome me for a moment in the middle of a Greek lesson, then a slight noise starting me out of my nap, I only saved myself from falling off my seat by catching at the curtain, which was close beside me. It gave way at my grasp, and to my horror, I saw that I had made in it a tear big enough to see the next class through. The two masters turned round at the noise, and at once perceived the damage that had been done. The blame appeared to lie between me and the boy next the curtain on the other side, but my confusion soon pointed me out as the culprit, and my master angrily ordered me to come and have a dozen blows of the cane. I got up staggering like a drunken man, I tried to speak to ask pardon, but fear glued my tongue to my mouth, my knees trembled under me, a cold perspiration broke out on my face. The instrument of punishment was already raised over me when I heard some one say—

"Do not punish him. It was my fault!"

"It was the boy on the other side of the curtain. He was at once called forward and received the dozen blows. 'If my impulse was to prevent this unjust punishment by confessing the truth, but I could not summon up courage, and when the first blow had been given I was ashamed to speak.

"When the flogging was over the boy pressed near me with bleeding hands, and whispered to me with a smile that I shall never forget all my life—

"Do not meddle with the curtain again, youngate. The cane hurts."

"I sat down in a fit of sobbing, and they had to send me out of the room.

"Since that day I have been disgusted with my cowardice, and have done all I can to overcome it. I hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful."

"And do you know this generous fellow?"

asked one of his guests. "Have you ever seen him again?"

"Never, unfortunately. He was not in my form, and left the school soon afterwards. An! God knows that I have often wished to meet with the gallant fellow who suffered so much for me, and that I would give years of my life to be able to shake hands with him at my table."

At that moment a glass was held out towards Sir Nicholas, who lifted his eyes with astonishment. It was the royalist prisoner, who laughingly proposed a toast.

"To the memory of the torn curtain at Westminster! But upon my word Sir Nicholas," he said, "your recollection is not so accurate as mine. It was not twelve blows that I received, but twice twelve; for having exposed another to punishment, and not at once declaring myself to blame."

"You are right, now I remember!" exclaimed the judge.

"And your worthy master, if I am not mistaken, made you write a latin essay on self-accusation?"

"I remember I remember," repeated Sir Nicholas; "but it is possible that it could be you? Yes, I recognize your features, it is he, it is indeed he. But in what a situation I am in what a service!"

"In the service of my king, Sir Nicholas. I was not going to be the first of my family who had played the traitor. My father has already died in arms, and I expect no better fate. Never mind, I only ask one thing, God save the king!"

With these words the royalist returned to his place among the soldiers, and continued his repast.

Sir Nicholas sat silent and thoughtful. That very night, after having given orders that the prisoner was to be well treated, he left home without saying where he was going, and was absent for three days. On the fourth day he arrived, and ordered the royalist officer to be brought before him.

"Are you going to settle my affair at length?" asked he coolly. "It is time to do so, were it only for humanity's sake. They treat me so well at your house, Sir Nicholas, that before long I shall come to wish to retain my life."

"My friend," said the judge, with a grave face, but in a voice trembling with emotion, "twenty years ago you said to me, 'Do not meddle with the curtain, youngster, for the cane hurts.' Here is your pardon, signed by the Lord Protector, but in my turn I say to you, 'Do not take up arms against the Parliament, for Cromwell is not easy to deal with.'—Kind Words.

## A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"Halloo, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eying him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Say on," said Shag, "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stackyard, and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stables outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Oh, ho!" said Shag, "you fancy that farmyards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for farmyards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand and in which you have no concern."

My child remember that God did not make the world for you, that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will be neither useful nor happy; and he will be very unlike Him who "pleased not himself."

## THE GREAT MISSION OF WOMAN.

Great indeed is the task assigned to woman! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed, to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her, to inculcate those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet unevangelized will learn to bless, to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honour into refinement, to exalt generosity into virtue by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the mind, by her tenderness to disarm passion, by her purity to triumph over sense, to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away—Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of her rejected Saviour—these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny, to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected when monarchs abandon, when councillors betray, when injustice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, constant, pure, and ineffable, which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.—*Blackwoods Magazine.*

No man can be a Christian without having a Christian spirit. It is the condition of the heart that determines whether you are a Christian or not. Being a Christian is not being faultless, it is not being in a state in which you will not stumble or fall, it is being in that state in which you recognize the hatefulness of sin and seek to overcome it. Taking the soil, uncultivated as it is, and subduing it, and putting in the right kind of seed, and giving it the right tillage, and then waiting patiently for the harvest—that is what makes you one of Christ's husbandmen.—*Becher.*

## Scientific and Useful.

## THE PREPARATION OF TEA.

The definite effects sought from tea-drinking over and above the mere comfort given by the hot liquid are produced by two ingredients of the leaf,—the alkaloid *theine* and the aromatic matter. The latter is what is chiefly valued by the refined connoisseur of tea, and accordingly he (or she) makes tea by pouring perfectly boiling water on a pretty large allowance of leaf, drinking off the first infusion and rejecting the rest. Made in this manner tea is, no doubt, not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a most useful restorative; but, unfortunately, so far from being cheap, it is a costly beverage, and the poor cannot afford to drink it. The plan which they adopt is that of slow stewing, the tea-pot standing for hours together upon the hob. The result of this kind of cooking is that a very high percentage of *theine* (and also of the astringent substances which are run into fine flavor) is extracted, and the tea, though poor enough as regards any qualities which a refined taste would value, is, says the *Lancet*, decidedly a potent physiological agent.—*Nature and Science, Scribner's for October.*

## QUITE TRUE,

If farmers choose they can have the means with little cost of living like princes so far as good eating is concerned. Strawberries, raspberries, currants, and other small fruits are almost a certain crop, while apples, peaches, and pears are but little less so. There is enough waste ground in the fence corners of every farm to produce ten times as many cherries, apples, and pears as the family could consume. Have in some of each of these every spring, and thus add to your home luxuries, purse and price of your land. A few dollars expended in settling those waste corners in hardy cherry and apple trees, and a little care in cultivating them will pay better than any other odd job of farm work. The fruit product increases continually, but the demand is always greater than the supply. A good apple tree will pay as much for the area it occupies, say twenty-five feet in diameter, as four times the amount of ground in wheat or corn.

## TREAT THE COWS KINDLY.

There are to many who exhibit a roughness of treatment towards the cow, and yet no domestic animals are more sensitive, or more quickly feel the unkindness shown them. They can be made docile and mild in their dispositions, or timid and wild, just in accordance with the treatment they receive from the herder and milker; and it is a well established fact that a cow will transmit her disposition in a great degree to her progeny. A rough quick tempered person should never be employed as a milker; and one who will on any pretense whatever kick or strike a cow, should be kicked in return, from the barn-yard into the street, and never be allowed to return. Gentleness will increase the quantity of milk, as has been shown by a change of a cruel and irascible milker to one who practised kind and gentle treatment. It is an injury to cows to be driven faster than an easy walk, or from their pastures, to be urged on by thoughtless boys, and these perhaps on horseback, is to produce a fever and heating of the blood which is sure to dry up or lessen the flows of milk. Cows should always be made as comfortable as possible, summer and winter; it pays to do it.

## USEFUL RULE.

To measure corn in the crib, add the width of the bottom of the crib in inches to the width across the corn in the upper part, also in inches, divide the sum by two, and multiply it by the height and length of the corn in the crib, also in inches, and divide the product by 2,750. The result will give the heaped bushels of ears, two of which will make a bushel of shelled corn. By multiplying the average width, height and length, in inches, together, the cubic contents in inches are found, and 2,750 cubic inches make a heaped bushel.

## EXPENSIVE SALT MINES.

The salt mines of Wieliczka Poland, are the most beautiful and on the largest scale in the world. Visitors walk over four miles in the long open galleries, and there are many which have not been entered for years. These galleries, undermining the whole town, and are places of popular amusement, where bands play, balls are given, and refreshments on every scale may be had at the buffet. A splendid chapel is fitted up in the mine, where mass is celebrated once a year; the ceiling, walls, pillars, etc., are all cut out of the solid, glittering, greenish salt.

The construction of ovens heated by gas for the purpose of hatching eggs is now so perfect in France that the gas flame regulates its own rate of combustion, and keeps the variations of temperature in the oven without one degree.

Speaking of the climate of the Argentine Republic Professor Gould says: "A bowl of water left uncovered in the morning is dry at night and vanished from the inkstand as if by magic. The bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and neither exercise nor exposure to the sun's rays produce perspiration."

It has lately been discovered that the carbonates of potash and soda possess the same property of protecting iron and steel from rust as do those alkalies in a caustic state. The applications of this fact are numerous and important.

Color is the most important thing in a precious stone; two precious stones, otherwise identical in composition, are by a slight dash of color changed into two far more valuable gems; thus rock crystal becomes an amethyst, an oriental topaz a ruby.

A curious case of poisoning by phosphorus is related by the German papers. A workman, on lighting a match, let the head or phosphoric part fall on his finger. It fell, however, on a cut, and though he immediately brushed it off, the finger began to swell rapidly, and a doctor who was summoned found the blood had been poisoned. Immediate amputation of the hand was the only remedy.

## DOLLINGERISM.

Whatever may be the future that is reserved for Dollingerism, and at present its prospects are not peculiarly promising, it is inevitable that it should bear upon it the stamp of the characteristics which it has partly derived from its origin, and which have partly been impressed upon it by its necessities and the conditions of its existence. To most Englishmen, absorbed in the spectacle of the gray-haired priest who has quitted in his old age, and in the zenith of his reputation, that uncompromising Church of Rome to which he has devoted the ardour of his youth and the energy of his manhood, it does not occur to analyze the features of the movement which Dr. Dollinger has initiated. Least of all are they attracted to reflect upon what may be the political and secular tendencies of the new theological school. And yet the study is worth the pursuit. Assuredly Dr. Dollinger occupies a position altogether different from the various reformers who have, on former occasions, separated themselves from the Catholic communion. It is not Luther's justification by faith, it is not Calvin's assertion of the immutable predestination of the elect which is heard in the declinations of the Munich doctor. We may almost say that there is a distinct absence of that religious sectarianism and that Scriptural exclusiveness which constitute the identity, so to speak, of preceding reformers. He is, indeed, an earnest Christian. Nay more, he is a sacerdotalist to the inmost core. Excommunicated and anathematized, he boasts himself a priest, clad in that ineffaceable dignity which the church he has repudiated teaches to be ineradicable, even by the everlasting fires. But the man is as true a heretic, to adopt the nomenclature of his opponents, as the boldest text-quoter who ever turned the batteries of the Apocalypse against the Scarlet Woman and the Seven-horned Beast. He is as true and fearless a Protestant as Martin Luther, but his Protestantism is altogether unlike in its direction, if not in its principles, the Protestantism of Luther. The monk of the sixteenth century was the founder of Biblical Protestantism. The professor of the nineteenth century only seeks to represent what may be called the Protestantism of culture. Luther said to each man, "Search the Scriptures, for in them are all things needful to salvation." Dollinger says nothing of the kind. The author of the "Church and the Churches" is no friend to private interpretation, as the Evangelicals understand the phrase. What he says is addressed to the Church herself, and his message to the Church is not to search the Scriptures in the first place, but to search the libraries of the world, to read history, to reduce historical observation to science and upon the indispensable foundation of that science to raise the edifice of ecclesiastical theology. It can thus be seen that Dr. Dollinger's reformation is a reformation *in genere*, the most secular reformation, so to speak, which has yet appeared, a reformation which does not content itself, like ordinary Protestantism, with adding scientific progress as a vindication of the beneficial tendency of religious enlightenment, but which distinctly makes scientific progress the grand instrument and real constituent of religious truth.—*London Spectator.*

## I WILL GIVE NOTHING.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than he meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. xi: 24.

A minister soliciting aid towards his chapel waited upon an individual distinguished for wealth and benevolence. Approving the case, he presented to his minister a handsome donation, and turning to his three sons, who had witnessed the transaction, he advised them to imitate his example. "My dear boys," said he, "you have heard the case, now what will you give?" One said, "I will give all that my pocket will furnish;" another observed, "I will give half that I have in my purse;" the third sternly remarked, "I will give nothing."

Some years after, the minister had occasion to visit the same place, and recollecting the family he had called upon, he inquired into the actual position of the parties. He was informed that the generous father was dead, the youth who had cheerfully given all his store was living in affluence, the son who had divided his pocket money was in comfortable circumstances, but the third, who had indignantly refused to assist, and haughtily declared he would give "nothing," was so reduced as to be supported by the two brothers.

The incident furnishes a most suggestive comment upon the text which stands at the head of it. And there are plenty of parallel texts and facts.

## REV DR. CUMMING.

On the eve of the centenary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Dr. Cumming delivered a lecture in his church, Crown Court, Drury Lane. After historically detailing the facts which led to the slaughter of the Protestants in France in 1572, Dr. Cumming concluded with the following word—The efforts made by the Ritualists to equal the splendor of the Church of Rome were ridiculous, and he was thankful the English did not do it well (a laugh). They did not bow gracefully, or swing the censers properly, they did not wear robes sufficiently magnificent, and in short they were not born, educated, and brought up to it like the Romanists. They did the whole thing badly, and with much injury to themselves, (cheers). There was a body organized at Rome which had given out instructions to the Jesuits to try in every country to dispose the Government to replace the Pope on his throne, and if they refused to convulse the countries by every means in their power they were authorized to join democrats, communists, revolutionists, or any other party likely to further their ends. These being the facts of the case, why should not Protestants forget their small differences, and remember only the great truths on which they were agreed, and join together to resist the aggressions of the Papacy?